VOICES & PEACE

May, 1948

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Oh Happy Day	Sally Senter	2
The First Flower of Spring	Serene Lutrel Smith	2
Changes	Jean Selby	3
Now and Then	Lois Kilpatrick	3
Rebecca on the Hillside	Serene Lutrel Smith	4
Passing Fancy (guest contribution)	Georgie Duffy	4
The Two Sisters	Lois Kilpatrick	6
How Cold the Night	Serene Lutrel Smith	6
God's Love	Lois Kilpatrick	7
My Prayer	Sally Senter	7
Love	Serene Lutrel Smith	8
To a Bathtub	Sally Senter	8
If You Love the Sea	Jean Selby	9
Quietness	Serene Lutrel Smith	11

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VOICES *of* PEACE

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Oh Happy Day

Summer's here
And now for vacation:
There'll be no more thoughts
Of Education.
No more themes,
Or books to be read,
Or a loud clangy bell
To get you from bed.
But instead, Mother's voice
On morns will greet you,
"Get up now, Dear—
That is, if you want to."

Swimming 'n' diving,
'N' tennis, 'n' such,
Only get tired
From loafin' too much.
No more hats, socks, hose
(And maybe no shoes!)
No more of those
Ole' "Monday test blues."
Call downs, council slips—
What are they?
Roll up that carpet
I'm home to stay!

SALLY SENTER

The First Flower of Spring

All winter long the earth was bare
Of fresh green grass and flowers;
The mighty wind was master then
Of nature's buds and bowers.

But suddenly the sky is blue,
And birds afloat the breeze;
There's grass upon the meadow land
And new leaflets on the trees.

And gently, shyly from her bed
A little flower peeps,
And seeing that the sun is here,
Still farther out she creeps.

Until she stands in radiance,
A full-bloomed, glowing thing;
And all who pass her pause and smile—
She's the first flower of Spring!

SERENE LUTREL SMITH

Changes

The train comes to a clanging stop at the station, and by the hurrying crowd I am pushed along toward the gate. I see now that there was no need of that last look in the mirror because by the time I have reached the gate to the station, I have been pushed and knocked about until my hat is crooked and my coat is slipping from my shoulders. I have no time to worry about that now though, because in a few minutes I will see HIM.

I wonder whether he has changed since I last saw him. Six months can be a long time, plenty of time for change. He may have started smoking cigars, like the man over on the end of the bench. He used to be so carefree with his pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth.

Is that he with a hat pulled down over his eyes???? . . . But he has *never* worn a hat! He couldn't have bought a black and white striped suit, with a vest, because he always liked sport suits. Why, he used to wear sleeveless sweaters with his white shirts. That man has a cane . . . Oh no! He must know that such a shock would be too much. After all, he has been away only six months, and people don't change over night. Or do they?

I notice the man standing beside me and my eyes fall on his hands. Those finger nails! Would he ever do a thing like that? Why, he always fussed whenever my nails started getting too long. Yet he *is* working in an office now . . .

What a sour looking person that is. My goodness! I hope he still has a sense of humor. A smile used to play around his eyes. That would not change, I *know* it wouldn't. However, he did say there wasn't anything to do up here, and that people didn't seem to have much fun.

He might not even like to dance anymore. That *couldn't* be true! Why he was always ready to dance a night away.

We used to spend lots of time swimming, too. He was so big and brown! Every summer he spent at least two weeks at the beach. Suppose he has decided to spend his vacation in Canada! And I wanted to go on a house party . . .

All these changes! I don't think I like the result. Why he won't be the same person. I *knew* he should have stayed in North Carolina!

There he is! See how brown the hand that opened the door is—and wouldn't you know he'd have on saddle shoes? Just notice the spring in his step and the smile on his face as he comes toward me.

"Why, Bill, you haven't changed a bit!"

JEAN SELBY

Now and Then

Time was when man long before day
Had to get up early and be on his way
Walking or horseback riding through woods,
To carry a message or purchase some goods.

But time has changed travel of years ago
Those old, old ways which were so slow.
Today man jumps into a plane, a train, or a car
And in just a short time has traveled afar.
It isn't the distance that bothers his brain,
But the tires, the gas, or probable rain.

LOIS KILPATRICK

Rebecca on the Hillside

I, but a mortal painter of what mortal eyes doth see,
Had ne'er found a masterpiece to paint—so great as she.
She stood with wind blown in her locks
And posies in her palm;
Her lips did lift to kiss the clouds;
Her eyes of dew spoke calm.
The naughty breezes teased her skirt
And hurled it all around.
Enraged! I stood with jealous eyes
And heard the rustled sound
Of taffeta and silk.
And wished that I might have the thrill
Of teasing her upon the hill!
With brush in hand I gently dipped
Her eyes of clearest blue
And aiming them above the nose that had the noblest grace,
I turned once more to feast my eyes upon the fairest face.
I searched the hillsides for her form,
My dream was vanished there!
My brush blurred o'er her ivory charms,
This loss my soul can't bear.
My vision of Rebecca—where has this beauty gone?
I seek each corner of the dark
To find what it enfolds,
But I have lost Rebecca—
I call her in the dusk,
And in the midnight silence
And in the twilight hush,
My noblest dream is banished.
My brush is strange and still
Until I find Rebecca
Again upon the hill.

SERENE SMITH

Passing Fancy

Her hair was a burnished brown,
That memorable day downtown,
At her lovely face he stared,
Much longer than he dared,
Unconsciously she went her way,
Oblivious to what he had to say,
The vision of her charm and grace,
From his mind would ne'er erase.

GEORGIE DUFFY

H. Smith

The Two Sisters

One of the sisters always complained
That her fate was, oh, so very hard;
For the things she wanted most
Were from her always debarred.

But her sister, on the contrary,
Whose lot was much the same,
Found very many pleasant things
In every day that came.

Thus one sister sighed and one sister smiled
Throughout their lives together,
But it was not luck nor fate
For both had clear and cloudy weather.

But the reason was their attitude
As was seen by those who tried,
One chose to hope, and one to mope
And thus they smiled or sighed.

LOIS KILPATRICK

How Cold the Night!

How cold the night!
The dreary rain beats tom-toms
Upon the house-top drum.
In never changing rhythms
It mocks the friendly sun
And falls in tiny puddles
And cleanses all the trees.
It washes out the birds' nests
And showers buzzing bees.
It echoes in yonder wood—
And yet its echo comes
Not as a sound of pattering,
But as a blasing storm.
How cold the rain
That falls against my window sill
And chills the places claiming still
The warmth of mid-day sun—
The cold damp air around me flings
A cloak as dark as night
And heavy as a winter's fog,
That forces out the light.
There is no roaring from the heavens
No flash—to stir my fright—
Only the splashing around me—
And the cold, cold night.

SERENE LUTREL SMITH

God's Love

Who takes care of the little birds
  When the snow is deep
And the flowers are covered
  And have gone to sleep?

Who cares for the little birds
  When there is nothing green—
Nothing but piled up snowflakes
  Anywhere to be seen?

Who gives the birds shelter
  From the drifting storm
And guides them to havens
  Where it's dry and warm?

Who tells them of the berries
  On the holly tree,
And where to find their dinner
  And where to drink their tea?

Who tells them, when they are tired,
  The best place to rest
And where to peck out the seeds
  From the cold snow's breast?

My children, 'tis God who cares
  For the little birds,
You may read it for yourself
  In His own sweet words.

Not even a tiny sparrow
  Not a one may fall
Without the Father's knowing,
  For He loves them all.

Lois Kilpatrick

My Prayer

Dear God, my Father in Heaven above,
Watch over my footsteps
With guiding love.
Lead me in your chosen path,
Up the righteous way,
Help me to do the just,
Through every passing day.

Open my eyes to the glories of the earth,
The wonders of love,
And the gift of rebirth.

Let me learn thy word,
And pass it to some other.
Teach me to be kind to all,
And to truly love my brother.

Lord, in all these ways help me,
To be humble and true,
So I may be a child
Who is worthy of You.

SALLY SENTER

Love

I took it from an angel's hand
And handled it with care;
I put it in the safest place
And carefully guarded there.

But it began to wither soon
And slowly fade away,
And so I put it in my heart
And hoped that it would stay.

It wouldn't stay! It traveled fast
To all those round about;
It made me good and clean and pure,
It wouldn't let me pout!

"O, Love, what hast thou done to me?
How loving I have grown!
The more of thee I give away,
The more of thee I own!"

SERENE LUTREL SMITH

To a Bathtub

Ah! The wonder of you
As you there recline,
Smooth in creamy whiteness,
Grace in every line.

Ah! The wonder of you
And of your form,
How cold you can be,
But then how warm.

Ah! The wonder of you!
To sit and scrub,
I love you more than showers,
My lovely Bathtub!

SALLY SENTER

If You Love the Sea

As we made our way down the small canal in the semidarkness, the boat cut through the still, quiet water and as the waves made by the boat rolled toward the shore, they made a slapping sound that broke through the stillness, giving the early morning an air of mystery.

Finally we were out in the open waters, with only the dim outline of land on the far horizon. The moon could still be seen white and full in the dark sky and a few stars were scattered about on the dark blanket of the sky, reluctant to take cover from the breaking light of day.

The only sounds to be heard were the chugging of the motor, the washing of the waves against the sides of the boat, and an occasional splashing, the flat, muted thud of a fish falling back into the water.

The clean, salty air was about us, and we breathed in deep, enjoying the sting in our noses and filling our lungs to the depth with the antiseptic freshness of the salt ocean air.

A streak of red fell across our path; and as I turned my face toward the east, I saw the sudden redness of the sky, and the waters that reflected it. I drew in my breath, surprised at the sudden beauty of the scene. Then, slowly but boldly, the sun began peeping up at us, as if it were rising out of the water which slid from its back as it would from the back of a great shaggy dog, carrying down into the water brilliant streaks of shining brightness.

The dawning of the new day had taken place before our eyes so quickly and soundlessly that we were completely unaware of what had happened. Now we could see the outline of the far-distant shore and one by one other fishing boats appeared on the unbounded surface of the waters.

Soon the small sharp stakes that marked the nets were seen in front of our boat, and we had to swing around quickly to keep from hitting them. At once everyone was tense, waiting for the excitement of pulling in the catch to begin.

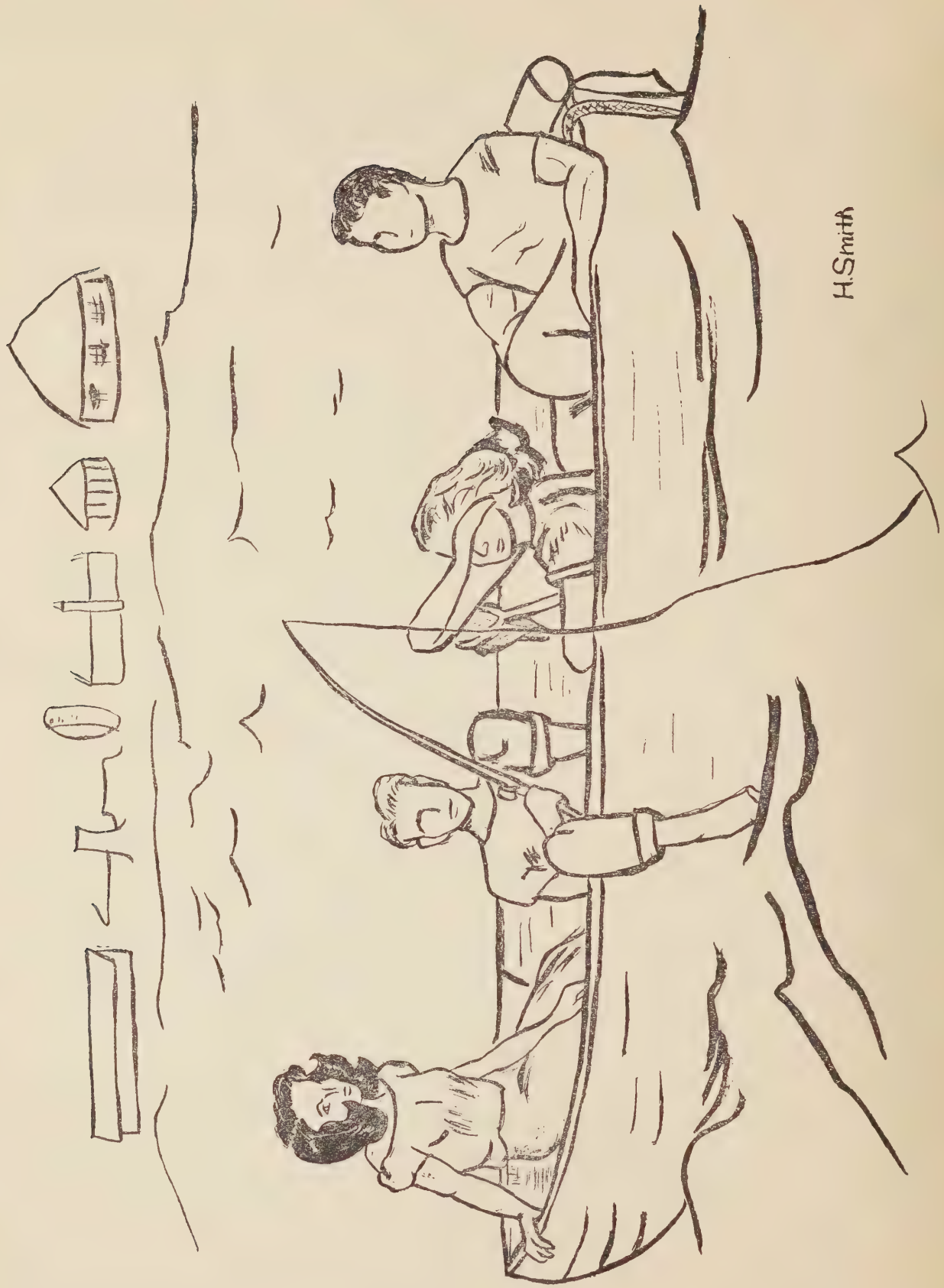
One of the men grabbed a pole from the floor of the boat just in time to stop us in exactly the right place. The other men moved quickly and agilely to the side of the boat and began pulling in the huge black nets that seemed to spread as far as we could see. A tarry smell was caught by the breeze and blown around us, reinforcing the freshness of the sea air.

Closer and closer the nets came, and suddenly the fish were everywhere, jumping and sparkling; the bottom of the boat was covered; the ocean was innerlined with the silver of their bodies. But the men seemed oblivious to the beauty; I was amazed that they kept on working, matter of factly, scooping the fish from the net into the boat. There were fish of all shapes and sizes; some were making noises strange and weird, from the depths of the sea; others protested their captivity with spasmodic flappings; others seemed resigned to their fate. As the now yellow rays of the sun were caught in reflection on the slippery scaly bodies of the squirming mass of life, I gasped in astonishment at the wealth of diamonds that were surrounding me.

Finally the nets were empty; then they were drawn into the boat. The men settled down for a rest on the return trip; and looking very pleased with their morning's work, they lighted their pipes and cigarettes. Their sense of satisfaction was complete.

By now the sun had found a position high in the sky and was shooting its hot penetrating beams at us so that we began wishing for a sheltering shade. The sea gulls flew close to the water beside the boat, hovering in its shadow. The other boats, headed for the port, came

(Continued on page 11)


H.Smith

If You Love the Sea

(Continued from page 9)

upon us from all directions again; and to forget the heat we amused ourselves watching them cut through the water like sharp blades from which the waves rolled as shavings roll from a smooth surfaced piece of pine when the plane blade skims the board.

The shore appeared first as a thin line which grew more and more distinct until its inlet curves became distinguishable. As we turned the boats into the wind, the sea washed against the sides and the salt spray, wet and stinging, blew into our faces.

Nearing the small canal that led from the Sound to the dock, the little boat began to rock, gently at first and then with more violence and less rhythm. Too soon we were back, in the full light of day and intense heat of the sun, the mystery expelled, the fish no longer wearing diamond scales.

JEAN SELBY

Quietness

There is no quietness in the sky,
The sun is on parade;
The birds and bees disturb the breeze
And higher, higher fade.

There is no quietness in the sea,
The roaring ocean leaps
With appetite for land and sky
And selfishness that keeps.

There is no quietness in the wood,
'Tis there the hushed noise dwells,
The soft chatter of the trees
The echo of one that fell.

There is no quietness on the earth;
My soul searched in despair;
But finding none . . . accepted noise
And heard music there.

SERENE LUTREL SMITH